

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

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**THE WEATHER.**—Official forecast for to-day indicate cloudy and threatening weather; warmer.

## CIVILIZATION'S ALERT GUARDIANS.

If this Republic shall fall a prey to the enemies of Christian civilization, it will do so with its eyes open, for there is no lack of keen-eyed patriots to apprise it of the designs of the foe. Only a few days have passed since that broad-minded and far-seeing publicist, Senator Platt, pacing his volunteer beat on the walls of the city of Greater New York, descried in the dusk of the immediate beyond the lurking Tammany Tiger and the form of the nauseous Best Citizen, each bent on the capture of the town with its wealth of offices and great revenue. Then rose the voice of the faithful watchman, waking the slumbering inhabitants with the dread announcement that they must prepare to do battle with an army carrying a "red flag of disorder and confiscation." In order that the offices and the revenue, and the local liberties of New York, and the national honor, may not fall into the care of unworthy persons, but be confided to his unselfish charge, Watchman Platt, sweeping his eye to the East and to the West, to the North and to the South, and intermediate points, cries aloud that the issue before the citizens of New York is not how the city shall be best governed, but "the issue which twenty years of socialistic agitation has gradually pushed to the front—the issue on which a great political party has at last been captured, and which now, sustained by a party organization, menaces law and order and the rights of property and the opportunities of labor throughout the United States."

In Chicago another Platt rings the alarm bell to summon intelligence, conservatism and true patriotism to the defense of the rights of property and the opportunities of labor. Mr. Charles T. Yerkes employs a lobby at Springfield, Illinois, as Senator Platt does at Albany, New York, to beat back the hordes which follow the red flag of disorder and confiscation, and to get such things as he wants for himself. The Illinois Senate agreed with Mr. Yerkes's lobby that it would make for the highest welfare of society to extend Mr. Yerkes's Chicago street railway franchises for fifty years, and passed the Humphreys bill so ordering. The licentious press and the insensate people of the Western metropolis rose up against this action, and on Wednesday the Assembly undid the work of the Senate. Thereupon Mr. Yerkes addressed himself to the press and people of Chicago, attributing the defeat of the Humphreys bill to the socialistic element of this city and also the anarchistic element. "The people, he sees with concern, 'are ready to listen to the agitator and the newspaper liar.' The leaders of the Civic Federation are 'frauds.' The newspapers are 'cultures.' Like the Eastern Platt, the Western Yerkes is moved not at all by personal interest, though the slaughter of the Humphreys bill sent his railway stocks down \$2,500,000 in value within a few hours. It is the thought of the terrible consequences to the city of his love that fills him with grief and public-spirited indignation.

Anarchy and socialism may win their sinister triumphs here and there, but can they be more than temporary? Is to be believed while we have a Platt and a Yerkes to the struggle for the maintenance of Christian civilization that the ferocious and barbarous hosts flaunting the red flag of disorder and confiscation will accomplish the overthrow of law and order, and make it impossible for lobbies to do business at State capitals?

## APPROPRIATION FOR SCHOOLS.

For many years a crying evil in New York has been the utter inadequacy of its school buildings to accommodate the children who depend on our public educational system. There is scarcely a school in this great city to-day which is not unhealthily crowded to the very doors. This lack of accommodation has not only refused their rights to thousands of children and cramped the means of the teachers to exercise their craft effectively, but it has been a disease breeder, full of potential evil. If that evil has been partly baffled, it has been through the incessant vigilance of the Health Department.

The agitation for a more liberal policy has finally met its reward. The Board of Education has voted \$1,500,000 for the long-needed buildings and improvements, and within the limits of purpose in the expenditure are sites adjoining the school buildings proper for the provision of light and ventilation, playgrounds, kindergartens, gymnasiums, manual training, etc. In a word, the end to be accomplished is not only to extend the more primitive facilities of schooling, but to make these more symmetrical in all their details, according to advanced methods of educational training.

Now that Greater New York is a consummated fact, this action of its School Board is a bright omen of the large and intelligent views which it is to be hoped will vivify its municipal life. No element entering into its administration is more radical than that which affects the education of its growing generation. The evils which are natural to huge aggregations of people, as distinguished from the communities of small towns and the country, are such as can be best corrected by a fully adequate school system. The greater the city the more it owes to itself and its people to make its educational methods fully equal to the pressure of its population. The richest and greatest of civic communities ought to be blessed with the most liberal and perfect school system in the land. This New York has not honored itself with in the past. Its present awakening should be the beginning of a still more vigorous movement, till its schools are universally recognized as a shining factor in its municipal activity.

## INHERITANCE TAX AND BLACK.

The positive statement made in a morning contemporary that Governor Black will veto the Graduated Inheritance Tax bill is in the line of previous indications. A machine-made Governor could scarcely be relied on to sign any bill which radically attacks the selfishness of those to whom that machine looks so largely for support. For it is beyond question that purely partisan Republicanism has more millionaires at its back than any other political faction in the field.

If this bill is defeated, it will constitute a powerful indictment against the State Administration responsible for its death. It has taken a vigorous hold on the minds of multitudes of both the principal parties as a measure well founded on logic and equity. Governor Black is said to take ground against the bill through doubt as to its constitutionality, and, secondly, through belief in its inexpediency.

The first is a question which can only be settled by the courts, and should scarcely be a consideration with the Governor when it only presents itself to his mind as a matter of doubt and not of profound conviction. A similar law in Illinois, after passing through all the courts, as had its constitutionality affirmed by the highest State tribunal.

The opinion as to the inexpediency of such a law

grounded on the assumption that it will drive a great number of wealthy men out of the State and thus lessen the aggregate of revenue which would be available, seems at first blush to have some weight. The same argument might, however, be adduced against that more rigid enforcement of the present tax laws which is foreshadowed in the very recent awakening of the State Board of Tax Commissioners. The idolatry of money and the greed of money making may be supposed to be ever present with those who worship at this shrine. If an argument of this kind is to be the determining weight in the balance when it comes to the making of legislation, one does not need to cite examples as to where it would end in the government of society. As a practical fact, the new adjustment, like many other changes which call out voluminous threats from those who fear to suffer by them, would speedily right itself in social and business conditions, or else the experience of the future will widely vary from that of the past. It is very doubtful where any considerable representation of great wealth would take itself out of New York residence on any ground of this sort.

Aside from all other considerations, the failure of our tax laws and their administration in the past make such a measure of cumulative restitution eminently a practical as well as a just enactment. Even in case the Graduated Inheritance bill should drive wealthy men out of residence, it would seem to be within the scope of the Legislature to devise such a standard of taxation as would collect the amount due under its provisions on property held within the State.

We do not believe, however, that the effect of such a law would be such as is prophesied by its opponents. If it should be found to be unworkable, it will be easy enough to repeal it. In the meantime it could have a fair working trial.

## CHAPMAN GOES TO JAIL.

It is decided that Broker Chapman must pay the penalty of contempt in refusing to answer the queries of the Senatorial special committee which was appointed to investigate the alleged speculations of Senators in sugar certificates. His refusal to answer the inquisitors properly made him a victim. As Senator Allen has put it, he took the fortunes of war and got the worst of it. As a business man, whose duty it was to protect his clients, he may have acted the conventional part of business honor, just as a telegraph company refuses till the last to give up the copy of its dispatches. Mr. Chapman was truly a sacrifice rather than a criminal, for the persons who used his services were the rogues, but inevitably he must pay for his professional fidelity. Under the imputation which rests on the Senate there is nothing left for that dignified body to do except to punish to the extent of its power to vindicate its own honor.

We presume Mr. Chapman's business conferees will hail his refusal to betray the names of his customers as an act of honesty, not to say of chivalry. He will suffer but little in reputation and still less in comfort by his month's seclusion in a Washington jail. Books, magazines, newspapers, probably the consoling visitations of his admiring friends will soothe his vacation from the worries of Wall Street, and there will be no headache from an undue debauch in stocks and bonds. Probably, too, champagne and terrapin will lend their allurements to soften the rigors of confinement.

It promises to be a pretty little farce for one short moon till Chapman emerges a hero in the eyes of his brother brokers. But the dignitaries of the Senatorial toga will have vindicated themselves, unless indeed Mr. McKinley steps into the breach with a pardon. Perhaps he, like many others, regards the broker as a scapegoat, and will be disposed to extend executive mercy when a very mild punishment is partly satisfied. An essentially timid, time-serving politician, uncertain of himself, would not dare do this. McKinleyism in politics is too thoroughly identified with corporate interests and the dickerings of political chicanery for its standard bearer to take any risks. One will watch curiously to see what doves of peace and pardon will flutter from the White House to the Washington jail.

The Senate has done but the beginning of its work if it is honest with itself in reality as it assumes to be in name. It has only scratched the surface of self-vindication. It has now two great millionaire magnates, Havemeyer and Seales, to deal with in the same direction. We may pass by poor little Chapman as a past number in the affair. If the Senate is in deadly earnest to defend its own dignity it will press the question home to these money kings as inexorably as Torquemada ever racked a heretic withal.

## SCIENTIFIC PUGILISM AT WEST POINT

Two West Point cadets have been laid up for repairs in hospital on account of injuries received in long and well-contested pugilistic encounters. This kind of duel is one of the time honored traditions of our great military school, and though nominally forbidden by the regulations, it is tenderly treated by the authorities, and one of the few sins of disobedience wisely winked at by them. In these "scraps" everything is done according to the rules of the prize ring, as referee, seconds, timekeeper, bottle-holders, etc. The preliminaries, however, lack all the blackguardism and bluster which always make prize fighting so much more offensive in its incipency than in its accomplishment. The juvenile contestants deport themselves with all the exquisite politeness of the French gentleman before they proceed to hammer each other's faces into pulp according to the most approved methods of the professional brutes.

These duels result from "hazing" or from some violation of class etiquette, and a cadet declining an invitation to such an encounter would at once be ostracized by his own class, and scorned by all the members of the West Point school, students and professors alike. The class quarrels at ordinary institutions of learning are trifling, mere horse play, which has no significance except as the ebullience of boyish spirits. But there is a fine sense of fitness in the West Point cadet fighting the unimportant rudeness or misunderstanding to a finish. Even the church member generally concludes that the first duty of the embryo officer is to be ready to fight at the drop of the hat, and the post chaplain smiles with benign forgiveness at the failure of the young disciple to turn the left cheek.

The fighting stories told of boys at the English public schools and the institutional function which the fist exercises as a part of the scheme of education are well known. Our West Point boys carry the matter even further, and the pugilistic honors which proudly cluster about their young brows are regarded with even more fondness than class distinction. To make this factor in the West Point schedule, which is now unofficial, even more effective, the War Department should add a professional boxing master to the educational staff. What if the system does tend to create bullies and tyrants? That is a minor evil to be endured in a "fighting" school. The Journal congratulates the West Point cadets and faculty on the thorough style in which they carry out the "true inwardness" of the profession.

The experience of Mandarin Chang will be sure to attract the interest of Hon. D. B. Hill. The sage of Wolfert's Roost will have to submit to a thorough fumigation if he can get back into the Democratic party.

## Chappies Mascot Is Blue Devil.

**H**APPY chappies! With the rain pouring in torrents and the sweating mists of Westchester coming up until the other side of the race track was invisible, they went out to Morris Park yesterday and downed their natural and ordinarily conquering enemies, the bookmakers.

Of course, supernatural assistance was necessary to perform this miracle. The Devil himself, and a Blue Devil at that, had to be called in, but the combination worked beautifully and the chappies pocketed the coin.

"Sam" Howland had on \$10 at 25 to 1, and was so impressed with Blue Devil's appearance when he went to the post that he rushed back into the ring and doubled his bet.

Royal Phelps Carroll was arrayed in a waistcoat of robin's egg blue, in spite of the weather, and, of course, Blue Devil caught him.

Jack Follanabee was down for a stung sun on the cerebellum Satan, and so was Harry Alexander.

"Diddle" Wilson won a tidy sum for a chappie plunger.

Frank Pittsburg Moorhead, sometimes called "Sorehead" by appreciative Union Club men, had the tip, and got aboard sufficiently to win \$3,000.

The Thompson boys, "Long Lou" and "Little Willie," were on the qui vive for the good thing, and if Arthur White, Willie Laimbeer, Frank Beard and Charlie Westchester Bates didn't get aboard it wasn't because the juicy watermelon wasn't lying all about the clubhouse fairly begging to be bitten.

The only chappie who didn't recognize the saccharine qualities of Blue Devil was dear old "Al" Post.

"Al" has been going to the races so long and knows so much about horses that when he heard that Blue Devil would raise hades he smiled incredulously, as becomes a man of vast experience of race track "good things."

But, when he saw Sam Howland bet \$10 on the colt he became interested enough to look the animal over.

"He won't do!" said Post, shaking his head very emphatically after the inspection. "He measures seventy-four inches girth, and that's too big. You can back him if you want to, but I'm blue enough now without any Blue Devil in mine!"

Then he leaned back to enjoy his pun and watch the race, while he pitied the other chappies who were chasing Blue Devil all around the betting ring.

When Blue Devil romped in Post was amazed. He seemed to be unable to understand what had happened. Finally he drew a long breath and said sadly:

"I never would have thought it. And he measured seventy-four inches girth!"

Post has been a racing judge and knows a lot about horses, but he made a mistake when he put Blue Devil in the same class with "Ned" Bulky, Center Hitchcock and James Hude Beekman.

But Blue Devil wasn't the only good thing for the chappies at Morris Park yesterday.

"Angie" Belmont pulled off the Toboggan Slide with Octagon and was so delighted that he shook hands with Mr. "Cub" Reilly, another race track president, who immediately put on a pair of new red dogskin gloves and wore them in the rain throughout the afternoon to protect the hand that shook the hand of Belmont.

President "Cub" didn't back Octagon, but he is willing to admit that the social side of horse racing is more joyful than any profit from gambling.

The day was rounded out with a victory in the last race by Willie Laimbeer's Xmas, at comfortable odds, and then we all rolled home full of rain and joy and bookmakers' money.

And we owed it all to Blue Devil. He was the mascot. He put us on velvet, started us on the high road to prosperity, laid the foundations of our fortunes.

All honor to Blue Devil and his chappie owner, E. D. Morgan. They're a pair that you can't beat. If they'll only repeat the coup of yesterday a few times we'll send the bookmakers to the place that all other blue devils come from.

So Willie Tiffany is going to marry pretty little Mand Livingston, "he is sweeter than any bud he has in his Fifth avenue flower shop."

Willie was always lucky. It came his way when he turned retail florist with "Rawlie" Cottenet for his partner, but this is the happiest fortune that has yet befallen him.

The wedding, which may happen in June, will be of general interest to society. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cambridge Livingston, who was Miss Maria Whitney, daughter of Stephen Whitney. They have a fine old place at Islip, L. I.

Willie Tiffany's mother was Miss Isabella Perry, which makes him kin to the Belmonts and other people who are proud of their Perry blood.

One of his brothers, Perry Tiffany, married a daughter of the late Theodore Havemeyer, and another brother, Belmont Tiffany, married a daughter of Sir Roderick Cameron.

Besides all this, Willie Tiffany is vastly popular on his own account. Not only are the flowers that he sells just what he represents them to be, but he rides to hounds like a little devil, and he dresses to the limit like a little dude.

I suppose "Rawlie" Cottenet will be the best man, of course, but whether he is or not there can be no doubt that the wedding will be delightful, and that the doral decorations will be the best obtainable.

Talk in "New York by electricity" is to the effect that an ex-United States Senator has given his consent to the marriage of his son with the beautiful young actress to whom the latter has been paying such conspicuous attention the last six months.

Cards for the wedding are not yet out, however.

If there is any crankier crank in the world than a gold crank I'd like to see him. Just imagine "Himmler" Breese, Victor Sarchon, "Freddie" Beach, "Archie" Rogers, Dr. Rushmore, "Ting-a-ling" Tyng, Harry Slocum, and those other gold-mad chappies chasing over the Meadow Brook links in that flood of yesterday.

But men have been known to go mad over checkers.

Attention, everybody! Take off your hat to Colonel Frederick Dent Grant, Governor-General of the Order of Founders and Patriots of America!

What does he care now who gets McKinley's foreign appointments or who presides at the meetings of the Police Commissioners?

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

## Bensard Dead, Lonsdale Decent.

London, May 7.—The news of the death of David Bensard, on the Continent, a few days ago, recalled to the old habitués of the music halls the occasion of his transient notoriety ten or fifteen years ago, and serves as a point to start from in contemplating the retrogression of youthful promise into commonplace middle age, as illustrated in the blighted career of the Earl of Lonsdale. Bensard was the husband of Violet Cameron, of the Cameron Opera Company, of which Lonsdale was manager and financial backer, and which played at the Casino in the early eighties with disastrous results, for Lonsdale not only went broke in New York, but introduced the pink shirt habit into America, which has since been the ruin of many a man.

From the moral of this tale, Bensard came into his notoriety by reason of being carelessly and artistically thrashed by Lord Lonsdale for intruding on his noble privacy in a room at the Adelphi Hotel, in Liverpool, which he occupied with Mrs. Bensard, who, as Violet Cameron, was playing in that town. Although Bensard sued Lonsdale and got heavy damages, the occurrence seemed to stand out in the British mind as a particularly significant warning to inquisitive husbands, and Bensard became the subject of topical songs, his name was dragged into burlesque, and for a month or two he was the laughing stock of England. However, Bensard only serves to lead up to Lonsdale. At that period of his career Lonsdale was in the most promising young men in Great Britain. It was he who fought with Sir George Chetwynd about the assembled fashion of London, in Hyde Park, on the occasion when the row began on horseback and ended in the mud. He thrashed roughs at the race tracks; he was an important figure at every prize fight of note that came off anywhere within 500 miles of London; his chambers in Piccadilly were the resort of all the fastest men and women of Europe, and all things taken into consideration, his career downward promised to be brilliant and rapid. However, to the disgust of all his admirers in sporting circles, Lonsdale suddenly, some five years ago, seemed to lose all ambition. He sank from worse to worse, and is to-day a devoted husband, a justice of the peace for three counties in which his estates are situated, a county councillor in Westmoreland and a colonel of the militia. His ignorance of which he is proud, his acquiescence in music hall circles is less than that of many stock brokers, and he has not liked anybody in public for months.

The hiatus in Lonsdale's career only serves to accentuate the achievement of another Englishman who has fulfilled the promise of youth. Ten years ago on the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's reign, the man most talked about and written about of all the celebrities in all England was Ernest Benson, known wherever the English language was spoken as "the Jubilee Juggler."—Juggler being Londonese for "damned fool." Benson came of age in the early part of the last jubilee year, and into absolute control of £250,000, or £1,250,000, a few hundred thousand of which he at once handed to his wife, the eminent actress, and returned for a few thousand borrowed during the other's minority. Benson devoted his entire energy to the dissipation of his fortune. He purchased a racing stable, paying the highest prices for the slowest horses, and never won a race; he was one of the heaviest punters at baccarat in the town where play is the highest; he was the biggest plunger on the race tracks that the bookmakers ever knew; his entertainments were on so lavish a scale that expenditure as to be actually the talk of the world, and his gifts to ladies who accepted presents raised the price of diamonds. His expenditures on his charming person were none the less extravagant. He boasted that he never wore a coat or a pair of trousers more than twice; and, in order that his shirts might never by any accident come back to be worn twice by so magnificent a creature as himself, he made his valet tear it up whenever he took one off. It is considered in England that the crown of his glory that the Prince of Wales once asked him to have Benson pointed out to him. Benson has turned out just as his friends and most ardent admirers promised that he would ten years ago. He is a marker in a billiard room to-day, and goes about the streets with his trousers frayed and his coat out at the elbows.

The English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is after the fashionable eccentricities of London, who are said to be secretly using a most barbarous spur for the morning ride in the Row. Its chief use is to show off the owner at the expense of the animal. The new spur is admirably adapted for unobserved use. The ordinary strap spur, with half a dozen points turning on a projecting bar at the heel of the boot, would ruin a dress in a day's ride; so the West End saddlers fit to the boot what they call a "barrel" spur. In place of the revolving wheels is a small cylinder, projecting but an inch from the back of the boot, which has no apparent point. But when the spur is pressed against the horse's side the cylinder, which works on a soft spring, gives place to a needle-pointed spike quarter of an inch or so long, and this spike passes through the hide without in the least inflicting the pain. It will coil the horse with maddening pain to any amount of display. The pressure removed, the needle slips back out of sight, and there is no fear of the point tearing the dress. If the lady does not care to use so evident a spur, the little cylinder can be built entirely in the heel of the boot, with nothing to show its presence, even on close inspection, but a tiny knob of black enamel. That knob works on a little spring, too. There is a needle point, which is forced out on the least pressure at the back of the boot.

Two of the highest fees ever within reach of artists are just now the subject of discussion and even envy in London musical circles. Paderewski has accepted a thousand guineas for one performance in Queen's Hall during the season, and Mme. Patti has been offered the same sum, but has not yet accepted the engagement, to sing three songs at a concert to be given some time in the summer. FRANK M. WHITE.

**Society Item.**  
[Washington Star.]  
It is to be hoped that the incarceration of gentlemen of wealth and position in the District jail will not become so common as to encourage the delusion that a violation of the statutes is a good way to get into society.

**A Funeral Tip.**  
[Detroit News.]  
Perhaps the adjournment of various Legislatures had something to do with booming the Standard Oil stock.

## The Wheels of Progress.

The fact that within a very few days after their first appearance on the streets the new horseless cabs ceased to attract any attention from either man or beast directs our thoughts to the determined opposition against bicycles, rapid-transit motors and other horseless vehicles that was kept up year after year on the ground that they would cause incalculable danger to life and limb by frightening horses who were not accustomed to such sights on city streets. Many years ago the Long Island Railroad Company was forbidden for this very reason to use steam as a motive power within the limits of the city of Brooklyn, and a good many Brooklynites remember to this day the dummy road that used to run from Greenwood Cemetery to Coney Island, and which was forbidden to run without horse power from its starting point near the cemetery gates to the city limits. The superintendent of the road got around this difficulty by attaching an ancient but speedy white horse in front of the dummy car and then putting on city horses to propel not only the car but the horse as well to the boundary of the town, where the animal was cast loose and ridden back to the depot by a small boy. Many years later a fatal accident in Prospect Park, caused by a horse taking fright at a bicycle, proved a serious obstacle to the growth of wheeling as a popular pastime, and I myself well remember interviewing one of the Park Commissioners about eighteen years ago in regard to the propriety of allowing wheelmen in Central Park, and learning from that official's lips that such a thing would never do in the world. Why, not, some gentleman asked Mr. Frank Work, for example, should happen to be driving home from Judge Smith's late in the evening and should suddenly encounter a young man like yourself mounted on one of those ghostly-looking noiseless high bicycles with a bull's-eye lantern in front of it—it would probably scare his horses into running away, and he'd be thrown out and break his neck. No, young man; the park roads were intended for people who keep horses, and so long as I have anything to say about it they will never be used by any other class. It is in recalling such observations as this that we find out that, after all, the world has made some progress of late years.

In other respects, too, the world has suffered changes, some of which at least may be catalogued under the general name of "progress." One of these changes relates to photography, and is, I am inclined to think, a change for the better. The old-fashioned family group has disappeared, and with it have gone the wooden-looking portraits of Uncle John in California and Cousin Tom who's in Yale College and Aunt Miranda who had her picture taken to commemorate an enduring manner the purchase of a new set of teeth. Every one of these pictures represented the subject specially "fixed up" to be photographed, and there was not a face that did not wear a ghostly look of unrest that was almost sufficient in itself to destroy the accuracy of the likeness. Many of these pictures were "retouched" by the photographer, who put red on the cheeks, gilded the scarlet and sleeve buttons and carefully obliterated all scars and smudges. Nowadays the craze is for unconventional attitudes, halflights and mysterious shadows, which obscure all but the best parts of the face. Noted authors have their pictures taken in the woods or seated on rustic piazzas, with corn-cob pipes in their mouths. Writers of impassioned verses and novels of the type described as "daring" seat themselves in dark clouds, roll up their eyes, poke out their chins and in other respects look as if they were on the point of giving author's readings. Certain Canadian barbs have had the backs of their heads and their ears carefully photographed, while other literary lights cultivate hair and whiskers for photographic purposes exclusively. And yet none of these modern works of art is likely to endure as long as the portrait of Mrs. Frank Leslie, which glitters from time to time in the columns of our contemporary and was taken shortly before the battle of Bull Run.

The persecution of the Hebrews in Russia and elsewhere has sent into exile a large number of scholarly Jews, and a great many of these have within the past two or three years settled in New York. The Jewish quarter east of the Bowery now contains scores of men who are poor in worldly goods but rich in classical knowledge, and who get a livelihood as best they can by teaching the children of their poorer neighbors, making translations from the dead languages and doing other things for which they are well qualified. One of these poor scholars determined not long ago to return to Russia, and forthwith his collection of books was offered for sale. One of the directors of the new library examined it and found that it was of great value and straightway recommended its purchase. A committee of poor Hebrew scholars urged its purchase on the ground that the books would be of enormous service to a large number of students in the city, and that if it were sold to Columbia College the expense of car fare would, many instances, deprive the scholar who went up there from Ludlow or Orchard street of his dinner.

J. L. F.

## The Merry Jester.

Here is one of the dreadful things which are always heard when least expected:

"I am glad to notice that the local fireman who spat his name so severely is again on duty."

"Sprinted his name?"

"That's what I said."

"That's queer. What is his name?"

"Damback."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Mrs. Sprightly must be older than she looks."

"What makes you think so?"

"The way she keeps that big daughter of hers in short frocks."—Detroit Tribune.

"Joe got the inside track of his wife this year."

"What did he do?"

"He read her a whole lot of newspaper stories of men who had dropped dead beating carpets."—Detroit Free Press.

"Well, whom did you gossip about at your whist club to-day?"

"Every woman was there; we had to play whist."—Chicago Record.

"What is the real difference between character and reputation?" asked the youngest student.

"A good character is a luxury," said the Commissioner of the State of New York, with reference to the desirability of Washington as a place of residence.

**Has Had Experience.**  
[Detroit News.]

Mr. Hanna is the only man in America capable of appreciating the Sultan's feeling of satisfaction. Mr. Hanna has successfully played horse with the power.

## War Seen Through a Woman's Eyes.

Athens, April 26.—To a woman, war is a thing that hits at the heart and at the places around the table. It does not always exist to her mind as a stirring panorama, or at least when it does she is not thinking of battles save in our past tense historic way, which eliminates the sufferings. One cannot, however, be in any part of Greece at this time without coming close to the meaning of war, in the present tense, war in complete definition. I have seen the volunteers start amid flowers and tears and seen afterward the tears which the flowers were forgotten. I have seen the crowds rave before the palace of the King, appealing to him for permission to sacrifice, as if death was a wine. I have seen the wounded come in hastily and clumsily bandaged, unwashed and wan, with rolling eyes that expressed that vague desire of the human mind in pain for an impossible peace, whereby rest and sleep and peace come suddenly upon one like a peace in Athens. This is war—the tears of mothers, the cheers of the throng and later the rolling eyes of the wounded. In Athens one can get an idea of war which satisfies, it is true, the correspondents of many London newspapers, but surely this is not the whole of war. War here is tears and flowers and blood and oratory. Surely there must be other things. I am going to try and find out at the front.

It is an encouraging prospect. People point to the hospital corps and say: "Look! Do you see the carriage belts around the waists of these men who wear the Red Cross, the emblem of mercy? Do you see that they carry rifles? Do you know what it means? No? It means that a Turk fires on a hospital as quickly as he fires on charging infantry. Do you know what they do to prisoners? Do you know what they do to an enemy's wounded on the field? Do you know what becomes of the women they capture? No? Well, no license of words can describe the horrors of this last thing. The most common Turkish outrages are the ones that don't get into print. We assure you this on the word of every one who knows. The facts simply can't be printed. This American journalism is very strange to our minds. Why don't they send a man?"

"They have sent many men," I reply, "but now they want to know what a woman thinks of a battle." The Greeks then solemnly shake their heads. All this is very entertaining. Nevertheless one cannot remain in this atmosphere long without gaining something from the resolution and fortitude of this Greek people.

## King Humbert's Amusements.

Rome, May 4.—The attempt on the life of King Humbert has induced the Italian press to publish many curious details of His Majesty's customs. Apparently, the King suffers somewhat from sleeplessness by reason of chronic bronchitis and attacks of asthma. At most he sleeps five or six hours. To these infirmities are attributed many changes in his nature. From being very calm, and even optimistic, he has now become impatient and misanthropic. His way of life is becoming more and more simple. His personal attendants are reduced in number, and his valet de chambre, M. Macchi, is now valet, barber and even secretary. When His Majesty is indisposed he follows the advice of his valet rather than of his doctor.

The King dislikes doctors. His present medical attendant, M. Quirico, is a veritable victim. He never dares advise the King or order him to take medicine. When he sometimes begs His Majesty to be careful of his health, the King usually maps out hunting expeditions or travels. This disregard for his health is a source of perpetual alarm at the Quirinal.

A favorite occupation of the King is gardening and horticulture. He has made a pretty garden at the Quirinal out of a terrace and cultivates flowers and vegetables himself. The Queen is particularly fond of strawberries, so the King raises his own crop. Not infrequently people who live in the adjoining dwellings see His Majesty clad in his dressing gown watering his flowers. His Majesty reads many newspapers and spends about two hours a day in doing it. He makes his pencil notes on the margins of the papers with a blue pencil. This is the sort of thing he writes: "This appears to me to be just." "They ought to have told me about this." "What on earth is that?" "Let him have ten thousand lire." "Apply to the Charitable Association." "Let them send this to the Minister." "This is to be read to the Queen." "For my son."

His Majesty takes personal supervision of all his expenses. Each day General Ponzo-Vaglia gives in a list of the outlays of the day before and His Majesty comments on it. While he is very generous with respect to others, the King will not permit any exaggeration in his family expenses. One day he suppressed the custom of serving coffee to every one at the Quirinal because it cost too much. Another day a heavy bill induced him to order that the cheeses which were served at the private dinners of the Quirinal should be brought up until they were finished. Thereby he did away with the custom of always placing untouched cheeses on the table at each meal.

The King's generosity in charitable works is fabulous. A petition hardly ever remains without an answer. His Majesty spontaneously gives presents to those persons to whom he does not wish to grant subsidies. These presents are generally of two kinds—a golden clock, with the royal arms,